

(1)

THE
CHARACTER
OF
HOLLAND.



Holland, that scarce deserves the name
of Land,
As but th' Of-scowring of the *Brit-
tish* Sand ;

And so much Earth as was contributed
By *English* Pilots, when they heav'd the Lead ;
Or what by th' Oceans slow alluvion fell
Of Shipwrackt Cockle and the Mussle shell ;
This Indigested Vomit of the Sea
Fell to the *Dutch* by just Proprietie.

A

Glad

Glad then, as Miners that have found the Ore,
 They with mad labour fish'd the Land to Shore ;
 And div'd as desperately for each piece
 Of Earth, as if 't had been of *Ambergris* ;
 Collecting anxiously small Loads of Clay,
 Lest then what building Swallows beare away ;
 Or then those Pils which fordid Beetles roule
 Transfusing into them their Dunghill Soule.

How did they rivet with Gigantick Piles
 Thorow the Center their new-catched Miles ;
 And to the Stake a struggling Country bound,
 Where barking waves, still baite the forced
 ground ;
 Building their watry *Babel* far more high
 To reach the Sea, then those to scale the Sky.

Yet still his claim the injur'd Ocean laid,
 And oft at *Leap-Frog* ore their Steeples plaid ;
 As if on purpose it on land had come
 To show them what's their *Mare Liberum*.

A daily Deluge over them does boyle :
 The Earth and Water play at *Level-coyle*.
 The Fish oft times the Burger dispossess,
 And sat, not as a Meat, but as a Guest :
 And oft the Tritons and the Sea-Nymphs saw
 Whole sholes of *Dutch* serv'd up for *Cabillau*.
 Or as they over the new Levell rang'd,
 For Pickled *Herring*, pickled *Heeren* chang'd.
 Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at *Duck & Drake*.

Therefore necessity, that first made Kings,
 Somthing like *Government* among them brings.
 For as with Pygmies, who best kills the Crane ;
 Among the hungry, he that treasures Graine ;
 Among the blind, the one-ey'd blinkard reigns ;
 So rules among the drowned, he that drains.
 Not who first sees the rising Sun, commands,
 But who could first discern the rising Lands.
 Who best could know to pump an Earth so leak,
 Him they their Lord & Countrys Father speak.

To make a Bank was a great Plot of State,
 Invent a Shovel and be Magistrate. (vades
 Hence some small *Dyke-grave*, unperceiv'd in-
 The power, & grows as t'were a King of Spades:
 But for lesse envy some joynt States endures,
 Who looke like a Commission of the Sewers.
 For these *Half-anders*, half wet, and half dry,
 Nor bear strict Service nor pure Liberty.

'Tis probable Religion after this
 Came next in order, which they could not miss:
 How could the *Dutch* but be converted, when
 The Apostles were so many Fishermen?
 Beside the Waters of themselves did rise,
 And as their Land, so them did rebaptize.
 Though *Herring* to be God few voices mist,
 And *Poore-John* to have been th' Evangelist.

Faith, that could never Twins conceive before,
 Never so fertile, Spavv'n'd upon this Shore:
 More pregnant then their *Marg'et*, that laiddown
 For *Hans-in-Kelder* of a vvhole *Hans-Town*.

Sure

Sure when Religion did it self Imbark,
 And from the *East* would *Westward* steer its ark;
 It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
 Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:
 Hence *Amsterdam* Turk-Christian-Pagan-Iew,
 Staple of Sects, and Mint of Schisme grew.
 That *Bank of Conscience*, where not one so *strange*
Opinion, but finds *Credit* and *Exchange*.
 In vain for Catholicks our selves we beare,
 The Universal Church is onely There.

Nor can Civility there want for Tillage,
 Where wisely for their *Court* they chose a *Village*.
 How fit a Title clothes their Governors;
 Themselves the *Hog's*, as all their Subjects *Bores*.

Let it suffice to give their Country Fame,
 That it had one *Civilis* call'd by *Name*;
 Some Fifteen Hundred, and more Years agoe,
 But surely never any that *was* so.

B

See

See but their *Mermaids*, with their tails of fish,
 Reeking at Church over the Chafing - Dish.
 A Vestal turf enshrined in Earthen ware,
 Fumes through the loop-holes of a wooden square
 Each to the Temple with these Altars tend,
 (But still do's place it at her Western end :)
 While the fat steame of Female Sacrifice
 Fills the Priests Nostrils, and puts out his Eyes.

Or what a spectacle the Skipper grosse,
 A Water - *Hercules*, Butter - Colosse,
 Tunn'd up with all their several Towns of Beere;
 When staggering upon some Land, *Snick and*
Sneer,
 They try, like Statuaryes, if they can
 Cut out each others *Athos* to a Man ;
 And carve in their large bodies, where they
 please,
 The Armes of the *United Provinces*:

Vainly

Vainly did this *Slap-Dragon* fury hope,
 With sober *English* valour ere to cope:
 Not though they Primed their barbarous mor-
 nings-draught
 With Powder, and with Pipes of Brandy fraught:
 Yet *Rupert*, *Sandwich*, and of all, the *Duke*,
 The *Duke* has made their Sea-sick courage puke.
 Like the three Comets, sent from heaven down
 With Fiery Flailes to swinge th' ingratefull
 Clown.

FINIS.

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